



**SEFER**  
**1989**



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According to the Analytical Concordance to  
the Bible, the meaning of "sefer" or "sepher"  
is derived from the Hebrew, meaning  
"writing" or "book."

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## The Twilight Cathedral

As the sunset reflected in the lake  
sets the west aglow  
and the moon glides softly o'er the pines  
in the east,  
a quiet hush of worship falls on all  
nature.

In this beautiful twilight cathedral  
with a candelabra of stars twinkling  
their praise,  
cares of the day fade with the deepening  
shadows  
and tomorrow's opportunities brighten  
with the light of evening.  
Spiritually I kneel and give thanks for  
the blessings  
this day has brought and Thy presence  
speaks words  
of comfort, guidance, and assurance to my  
heart:  
O God. What a perfect way to end a day!

Dr. David Cuttino

The Twilight Cathedral first appeared  
in the Fall, 1983 edition of **SEFER**.

## "Spirit Springs..."

People who had seen the scale model of the projected completed campus knew there would one day be a body of water at the center of things. The stark, square outline of cement had been evident for a number of weeks. Nobody had talked about it much, because too much else was happening, too many huge rolls of wiring, too many pieces of construction equipment to make one's way around to pay much attention to the dug-out space within the cement square.

Then one day the word was quietly passed, and some of the "originals" from 48 Meeting Street gathered on an upstairs balcony outside the Executive Suite to watch water begin to gush from pipes inside the cement square. Some smiled, some felt tears sting their eyes. Somehow, seeing the pond fill with water marked a final affirmation to the dream. The "blessing of the water" brought a new atmosphere, and an invitation to tranquility that was a magnet that would catch the attention of everyone on campus. Balance was beginning to be restored on the old plantation site, between past and present, purpose and promise. The fact that the pond's underground pipes were connected to the oxidation pond at the back of the campus and worked with the air conditioning systems made the pond not just cosmetic but practical as well.

Students have a way of collectively beginning to identify someone or something by their own instinctive, spontaneous response. In that manner, the athletic teams became "Buccaneers," and the square of water became "The Reflection Pond." The name transpired to become exquisitely fitting...mirroring the sky, a spire and students, as they walked or sat--reflecting and dreaming.

The Pond's influence was gentling, even before there were shrubs or trees or grass to enhance it. It was a promise somehow, that there would be greening, and healthy growth. Gradually, the Pond became home to minnows and tadpoles, and grass began to grow from soil at the bottom of the water. Soon the sky began to be filled with visiting sea birds who came by to dip into the Pond on their way to larger bodies of water. Dr. Jim Barrier of the Biology Department surmised the gulls carried seeds on their feet, and eggs perhaps, of small creatures and when birds dipped into the water for refreshment, they left these seeds and eggs behind. Later, when the seeds were germinated and eggs hatched, the birds returned to "harvest," once again bringing eggs

and seeds on their feet. Soon cranes and herons and wild ducks also found the Pond, descended to investigate, and some stayed on to become pets. Many varieties of ducks learned to expect dining hall tidbits from students' plates in addition to seeds and grass.

The Pond became a symbol of time and nature at work. Of past, present and future. No fountain nor electric lights were needed to make it dramatic. The skies that changed the color of the water every moment, and the wild birds were enough. Later, the Chapel spire confirmed the reflective title. Students sat at pondside and mused upon what they saw mirrored in the waters, and pondered as to what they would do with their lives. Reflection by the Reflection Pond gradually became a cherished Baptist College tradition.

This is an excerpt from a chronicling of the history of Baptist College, 1955-1988, written by Margaret T. Gilmore.



## My Brother

He came to me when I had turned six  
brought home by my dad to teach some new tricks  
To raise as my own, to feed with great care  
To train for the day we hunt the marsh hare  
The best of friends we both quickly became  
with spirit in us that no one could tame  
Together we played in woods and in fields  
catch and then chase and neither would yield  
Head on encounters of a boy and his pup  
playing all day for milk in his cup  
sweet smelling fur all blotched with spots  
together we slept on the old canvas cot  
Speaking our problems together like brothers  
Alone in our world not thinking of others  
Two years together is all that was spent  
being physical brothers before the one went  
Exploring the marshes across the dirt road  
encounter the mallard, the snake and the toad  
The sun was now setting, the oil would soon burn  
the day was soon over and time to return  
Out of the marsh and across the bare lane  
we happily crossed not knowing the pain  
The onrushing truck was blinded by dusk  
the shriek, and the thud, my nose filled with  
musk  
Dust filled the last breath of cool summer air  
then the pup ambled over and licked my limp hair  
Farewell to my brother on Earth all alone  
God-Bless you, Good-By, and many old bones.

Robert Craig Cashion



## Convocation

Convocation is boring,  
Without a doubt.

It goes on forever,  
And never lets out.

Once in a blue moon,  
One might be fun.

But that one is over,  
Before it has begun.

There's a much better way,  
To get the message across.  
Just remind the speaker that after  
speaking longer than fifteen  
minutes,  
His message is lost.

LouBie Gay O'Neill  
Class of '88

## Leave-Taking

Always leave-taking:  
Someone takes his hat from the wicker stand;  
Someone retrieves her purse from the newel-post  
As a Purcell funeral ode dies;  
Someone pauses in the foyer  
As if a fallen petal on the flagstone,  
Picked up and discarded,  
Could free the ghost, of a rose  
Once red as Christ's passion.

Requiem:  
Comfort, console us - the living-  
For the dead are wiser than we:  
They have taken leave:  
Discarded petals, gathered again  
Into the fist of the living rose,  
Bled winter white,  
Burning with love and logic of the dead.

James A. Carter

## Eb tide

A frightening thing  
Awakening at dawn  
To find the light  
More blinding  
Than darkness

There  
Behind your eyes  
Lie pictures  
Of yesterday  
And visions  
Of tomorrow

Where you've been  
Is just another  
Used up legend  
And where you're going  
Just another uncertainty  
Among many

Waves of continuity  
Erode what was  
And what would've been  
Until the future  
Grimaces  
And draws inward  
Tomorrow's Definition open

H. Gaye Holt

## A TENDER HAUNTING

Evening  
rush hour traffic  
street sounds buried  
radio rocks on  
Home to our little boy  
without you  
windows of the car  
vibrating  
Still  
I hear  
Whispers of you  
wherever I go  
no matter  
how busy  
I get  
Keeping your ghost  
Away  
you haunt the  
ins and outs  
of  
Everyday  
passing through  
our living room  
I catch a whiff  
of your cologne  
Lingering  
in  
the  
air  
I sense you  
There  
looking at me  
lost look in your  
eyes  
The one  
that makes me  
forget myself  
I turn to  
Look  
no one is there  
Only  
a ghost of you.

Renee' Lalonde

## Love To Give

A crashing wave,  
A gentle breeze,  
A heart craves,  
Love to please...

A summer night,  
A winter snow,  
A heart's delight,  
Love to show...

A fortress strong,  
A body weak,  
A heart's throne,  
Love to keep...

I Forever Die,  
I Forever Live,  
My heart strives,  
Love to give...

Ronnie Rogers

## Learn To Climb

A battered wall stands between you and  
I...  
It stands so steep that it touches the  
sky,  
My mind wishes to avoid the wall's dark  
abyss,  
While my heart desires to find the touch  
that I miss...

So I live in my secret world of unfound  
dreams,  
And daydream of you for hours it seems...  
As the clock ticks away, so does my time,  
Because only in an untimely struggle,  
Will I ever learn to climb...

Ronnie Rogers

## O For A Thousand Tongues

I will rejoice in Christ the Lord  
Our Savior and our King  
He gives us joy each passing day  
His praises we will sing.

Redemption comes through Jesus Christ  
His mercies we'll proclaim  
With joy we'll serve the King of Kings  
Forevermore the same.

Scott Harlow

### Hosanna! Risen Lord

Praise God who reigns above  
in Power, with wisdom and love  
Lift high his banner from day to day  
and sing his praises Laud.

O sing ye nations now  
your voices in one accord  
The ransom price was paid in full  
Hosanna Risen Lord.

Larry Scott

### How Excellent

The creator of heav'n and earth  
The sun, the moon and stars adore  
Eternal God and righteous king.  
The sin of man for all once bore.

My soul rests in His place untold  
My heart rejoices in His love.  
Redemption through His mighty grace  
His heart reveals a perfect Love.

How excellent, How excellent,  
Thy name, Lord in all the earth.  
How excellent thy name, O Lord.

Timothy McKenzie

## The Bully

Once, when I was twelve, I was riding my bike around the neighborhood when I was stopped by the school bully. (You know, the brainless moron who's flunked so many times he is old enough to be the student body's father; there's one in every junior high.) He stepped in front of my bike, effectively blocking my way. Looking back, I realize that I should have run the ugly pug down and gone on about my business, and I might have done just that if I wasn't afraid of damaging my bike on his Neanderthal body.

"Hey you," he said. As you can see, he was a regular wizard with words.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I hate you," he said.

Of course you do, I thought. I can speak in entire sentences and pronounce three syllable words. You're jealous. "What do you mean you hate me? What did I do to you?"

"You are one of those half breeds aren't you? I hate half breeds."

"Let me go," I said. I decidedly did not like the way this conversation was going.

"It would be ok if you were all black or white. That I don't mind, but half breeds make me sick."

Now when you are twelve years old and some big Neanderthal type bully stops you on the street and starts to say really nasty things to you, there are really only three things you can do. One, you can fight him and hope you get in a few lucky shots and that he doesn't hurt you too badly. You can run and pray he doesn't catch you, or, if you are like myself, "shy" (scared), "sensitive" (weak), "peaceful" (cowardly), and the bully is holding onto your favorite bike and you really don't want to run away and leave it behind to be crushed and possibly eaten by the big dummy, you can do what I did, cry as hard as you can and pray he doesn't hurt you.

There's a movie called THE ELEPHANT MAN. It's all about this guy with some horrible disease causing him to be grossly deformed-so deformed, in fact, that to the rather ignorant public, he appears to be a monster. In the movie, a crowd has chased him into an alley, apparently determined to rid their town of the "horrible monster." The Elephant Man, having nowhere else to run, and fearing for his life, turns to the mob in anguish and yells, "I am not an animal; I am a human being."

That's how I felt when I was stopped by that bully. I wanted to yell out, "I am not a half breed; I am a human being."

I didn't. I stood there holding my bike, crying, hoping that God would realize his mistake and give the Neanderthalbrains in time to rescue me.

In the end it was a neighbor and not divine intervention that saved me. Disturbed by my crying he came to investigate. When he saw what was happening, he chased the bully away and sent me home.

In closing I would like to give you a little advice. If you're ever riding your bike around, and some big bully jumps in your path, run him over. You can fix the resulting dent in your bike later.

Bude Martin

## LITTLE LOST GIRL

Little girl  
five years old  
All alone  
in the world  
Mama can't care  
for herself  
Daddy doesn't  
have the means  
What of  
this little girl  
Shuffled  
from house  
to house  
Never finding a home  
No one  
slips in  
as she sleeps  
to tuck her in  
brushing her  
Baby soft cheek  
with tender lips  
saying  
I love you.

Renee' Lalonde

## FRIENDS

Can you be there when I need you  
Will you be there when I cry?  
All I ask is that you be a friend  
All I ask is that you try.

Will you laugh when I need laughter  
Can you cheer when I'm depressed?  
Everything I want is in a Friend  
Everything in a caress.

When it rains will you go walking  
When the sun comes out you'll smile?  
All I ask is that you show me how  
All I want is that extra mile.

I will give you every bit I can  
I will be a friend and more.  
You can trust me now until the end  
I will love from my heart's core.

Martha Owens



## GOD AND I

Through His eyes if I see  
I can claim the victory  
In the times, hard and rough  
His strong hands will lift me up.

Down the path He has paved  
I can walk, win the grave  
While I live I'll walk His way  
I feel His love in every day.

While I'm here in this world  
I'll be safe inside His fold  
Just like sheep will ever trust  
In the promise, He'll be Just.

Others look and stare at me  
Wonder what it is they see  
While I'm content in Christ and He  
I hope one day to be content in me.

Martha Owens

## SEEKING REFLECTIONS

When you said, "I love you!" It seemed to have  
brightened my day. It seemed to have lifted my spirits  
and almost took my heart away.

I was so overjoyed that a lonely tear formed in my  
eye. All I could do was murmur and hiss a tacit sigh.

My throat became so numb I could hardly speak. It  
seemed that my heart was slowing down beat by beat.

By this time I realized what you had stated was  
simply true. For the love I seek can be reflected in the  
image of You!

Maurice Douglas

You came to me so long ago  
You filled my heart, my  
life, my soul.

You gave your son,  
the only one  
you gave your all  
and asked for none.

You stood by me  
for oh so long  
You held me close  
and made me strong.

You will stay,  
and never leave  
and this I know  
I can believe.

So thank you God  
for all your love,  
for filling my heart,  
my life, my soul.

Kim Weeks

God give me strength that is all I can say  
Just help me through another day.  
Not for me or the ones I love  
but to glorify you, my Father above.  
Give me the wisdom to discern what is good  
and help me to live the way that I should  
Give me a love that I can share  
And a love that I can take with me everywhere  
God give to me that peace of mind  
that in only You I can find  
And lastly God grant to me  
that happiness I can find in my Christianity.

D.C.F.

## Stolen by a Cloud

Cracks of warmth dance upon my face  
colored leaflets downward race  
Tiny songbirds daintily pass  
Gently tickling blades of grass  
Crystal Brook trickles lightly by  
while giving seat to dragon flies  
Ferns and lilies peer from the soil  
as patient ants do work and toil  
Yearling squirrels play hide and seek  
like children making shouts and shrieks  
Lonely spider spins its web  
while captured life begins to ebb  
Lying here upon my back  
the lovely sky begins to crack  
The boom and rumble of the sky  
gives flight to all before my eye  
Air as still as sheet of glass  
droplets tumble to the grass  
nothing stirs, just the sound  
of pitter-pat upon the ground  
Sun asleep behind the gray  
the cloud has stolen the joy of day  
Both warming smile and golden ray  
The cloud has stolen the joy of day.

Robert Craig Cashion

## A Path

Commonplace feelings so misunderstood  
in the paths of my life,  
I seek to find that which is good,  
Only to find empty strifes,  
Like a search in a grim dark night,  
A lone traveler seeks the warmth of a  
light...

Why then should I even boast  
of loneliness within my heart,  
And cease to care, to love, to hope,  
While even at this end, I will again  
start...

The path one cares to finish,  
A path one dares to start...

Proverbs 4:18

But the path of the just is as the  
shining Light, that shineth more and more  
unto the perfect day.

Ronnie Rogers



Isaac V. Cropp III  
3-16-89

## You're Not Alone

When you finally  
lay down  
your head  
to sleep  
If you look  
with closed eyes  
I'll be there  
If you listen  
with your  
heart  
In the  
silence  
of the night  
The sound  
You'll hear  
will be  
my voice  
caressing your ear.

Renee' Lalonde

While I sat by a dim porch light,  
An inspiration came and caused me to  
write.  
Not to write about life or love,  
but to write about our God above.  
He gave us the ocean with its mighty  
roar.  
And with it came the graceful gulls that  
soar,  
He gave us gentle breezes to cool our  
shores,  
And to knock ever so lightly on our patio  
doors.  
He also gave us trees for shade,  
And to decorate this land he made.  
So when you walk upon these beautiful  
beaches,  
It is evident that even here the hand of  
God reaches.

D.C.F.

## River Bridge

The overcast sky showed no sun  
Though the water was shiny gray  
And as I looked across  
At the silhouettes of civilization  
There seemed nothing necessary to say

I was at peace with my  
Innermost inquisitions  
And I longed at last  
To make my physical self  
Aware of this new-found emotion

But here I was  
Entrapped in the chilling web of  
diversity  
Yet the spirit flowed free  
As though knowing the winds  
And the sands of time

Complicated tasks, these things  
'Though they would have you believe  
Compounded by the minutes and hours  
I've spent contemplating them all  
They fall into place this once  
And catch me quite off guard.

H. Gaye Holt

## A Reason

I'll never understand why this has to be,  
I'll never understand why it was me.  
He has a reason that just has to be good  
And it doesn't really matter if He's  
understood.  
I only know I'm happy when my life is in  
His hands,  
O Lord, I don't need to understand.

Martha Owens

## What Do I See Around Me?

I see the world around me,  
a sucking vortex of noise and existence.  
I see life, death, and confusion.  
I look around and see the vastness of  
this fast-paced world.  
I see endless fury.  
I never realized how large and  
frightening  
this world is until now.  
Up, down, that is how life is.  
A constant shuffle that stops to  
recognize  
violence and poverty,  
yet not enough.  
Who brought it here?  
Foreigners? Fate?  
Money hungry scavengers claw the ground  
for some sort of prey,  
if not to devour, just to conquer.  
I see the world around me.  
I see smiles and hear laughter.  
I see unconditional love and caring.  
I see giving and sharing.  
I see life crawl from its hiding place  
and spread its wings to cool the earth.  
I see trees of green and flowers in  
bloom.  
I see a wild daisy placed softly behind  
an ear by a hand of enduring, gentle  
strength.  
I see the most flawless works of art.  
I see God's art and His creations.  
I see unlimited variety and spice,  
sweet and provocative.  
I see a night light with billions of  
tiny particles around it.  
I see calm now.  
I feel peace and ease.  
I see the world resting;  
the world needs to rest.

Tara Benedetto

Nell Lightsey...Our Lady of the  
Chapel  
Thoughts on the day she died.

She was there to greet me as I drove into the campus. Quietly, gently, gradually, her presence began to make itself known to me.

I always look toward the chapel spire as I round the highway curve and Baptist College comes into view. This morning the sight was especially poignant. Nell Lightsey is such an integral part of the place, the name over the chapel entrance hardly needs explaining. I continued to look at the chapel, its spire with the cross lifted high, its whiteness distinct against a jewel-blue sky.

I stood to look across the expanse of green toward the Reflection Pond, and I felt an ever-deepening sense of Nell Lightsey's being present. I thought, "She has come by for one more look at Baptist College..."

The hour was early, and there were few people coming and going. I could not get over the feeling that my friend was really, really here. I could hear the tone of her voice. She was welcoming me. It was the familiar affectionate greeting and the arms outstretched to give a hug. "How is my old friend? I'm so glad you're here too..."

I could not dismiss the complexity of my emotions. I felt the combination of joy, gratefulness for having had the privilege of her friendship for these many years, and wistfulness that she would not walk these acres over again, nor march in proud dignity and academic regalia at another commencement ceremonial. At the same moment I had a vision of angels singing and heaven's gates swinging wide to welcome a Lovely Spirit coming home.

Memories came flooding into my thoughts. I remembered my first impression on meeting an exquisitely attired lady sitting patiently through hours of trustee meetings. Her face intent, she worked hard to absorb and sort out



the thousands of unfamiliar subjects that pertained to the physical, financial, social and spiritual aspects of establishing an institution. I grew to admire her solid, logical comments and questions that reflected her grasp of the scope of the responsibility that group of trustees held.

I began to call her "friend," and got to know the witty, fun loving girl within the personality of the woman I had grown to love. I have seen her animated face light up with eagerness, approval and joy.

Perhaps it was her relationship to her husband Norris that inspired me most of all. There was an obvious unity between them that was more than mutual agreement. It was a partnership of purpose, a covenant beyond social or legal bonding. Their's was a love of a lifetime, undiminished by years. I glimpsed that love one evening when in their chapel a soloist sang a lovesong that had to have been a long-time favorite of Norris and Nell Lightsey. As the melody soared they turned and looked into each other's eyes, and clasped hands. I want for joy at the sight.

My eyes were 'seeing things unseen" this morning, moments and days and years and eternity. Nell Lightsey walked the campus this morning from Gressette Center and the flagpole, and she loved every acre of the place. She was as proud of Jones and Ashby Halls as she was of Norris-Wingo Halls, and all the other buildings she and her husband had helped to become realities.

But her heart was always at the feet of her maker. And when the chapel became a reality, and people began to worship there, Nell

Lightsey's heart cup was nearly full. It was her dream come true. Inspired by love, Nell and Norris made the chapel possible. Together they dedicated it to God.

This morning Nell's spirit hovered over our Baptist College on her way to heaven. She reminded me of God's love, the love we shared for all that is here, and of the love that never grows old or dies. She reminded me and reassured me that dreams and devotion make all the difference. I could feel her presence and I thought I heard her say, "I'm going home now, it is well with my soul. I leave Baptist College...and all of you...in the hands of the Almighty...It will be well with..."

Margaret T. Gilmore  
August 17, 1987

## Near Wrecks, First Deaths, and English 111

My squealing, protesting, brakes worked with my still sharp-enough, thirty-something reflexes to save me, just, from perpetual silence or mangled flesh. I drove on down the sunny, familiar road at my normal speed thinking, "That entire episode ended within seconds. So quickly, I could be gone." And although my hands hadn't had time to shake nor my heart to pound, my brain, comprehending that I came within a heartbeat of the personally extraordinary--death, stuck on a mental ditty: "Now I am. Now I am not."

But how very ordinary to scan the paper and read, "SEVEN DIE ON SC HIGHWAYS OVER THE WEEKEND," and seven little blurbs add to the daily copy because other brakes hadn't slammed down and held on for life.

Earlier, I had watched my students struggle with their assignment: "Introduce yourselves. Make it interesting for the readers by telling them what makes you special, unique." For an hour they labored to make meaning for me to evaluate. I turn the assignment on myself. If I die today, what would I have them remember

about me? How would I be evaluated, and would I make some heavenly grade? I can't conjure a single memorable deed, and I'm not noteworthy for my brilliance, beauty, or slam dunks.

Suddenly, I think of Dorothee, full of promise--bright and beautiful, who died nearly ten years ago now, surprising only me it seems. Our nine year friendship spanned a history of teenage crushes, all-night talks, and plans for college, and fledgling careers, heartbreaks and metamorphoses. I can't remember a word she said or even the sound of her voice. I have forgotten so much.

I hold only a few times--like the one that last year when we talked with God. I felt scared, almost betrayed as I was witness to her battling her doubts and the cancer. She was a good Christian, wasn't she? As I write, another day, our last one together, scratches its way into recall. I am rubbing suntan lotion on her white, rough back, covered with the scabs of chicken pox, her weakened body ambushed by the childhood disease. She shrugs her thin shoulders back into the straps of her black swimsuit and tucks up the limp, sparse remains of her blonde, model's mane into a bright scarf. In spite of that stark fragility, she seems so sure and strong, on her way to recovery, as we bike into the dusk at Folly Beach for miles. Others gaze at her, not at her desperate illness, but at her loveliness, radiant, heedless of ravage.

I was ashamed of my secret squeamishness as my fingers bumped over the pox, ashamed of my lingering enviousness of her indomitable beauty, and, now, when I can see her, vivid again in the occasional, happy/guilty dream, I am ashamed of how much I can't remember.

What would I have you remember about me? I have nothing remarkable for you. I am a wife, a mother, a teacher. My love for my husband and our two babies feels remarkable, though I know love isn't original. But, I am the woman who loves Michael and shares his life until catastrophe parts us. No one else can ever be the mother of Steven, the mother of Dorothee Rose. I take some comfort in the definition they give me.

I am the one who feels homely joy when the phone rings and it's him saying he's on his way home. I still feel a little rush, some small inner lightening (if a calm, expected one) to hear his voice after nearly a decade of learning its tones and rhythms.

I am the woman whose arm encircles and holds close our warm, sturdy, "almost two" son who says so glibly now, and so proudly, "I write, too, Mama, like you, on my piece of paper." I am the one who glances up from this "assignment" to discover my earthly cherub Rosie gazing at me, patiently waiting for me to meet her eyes so she can reward me with her sudden, all-over smile, wriggling the length of her chubby body.

I write this between changing diapers, answering phones, reading MOO BAA LA LA LA, and helping Steven flush his "poor little fishie" down the toilet. Who am I? I try hard to be the lover, the wife that a wonderful man needs me to be, to be the best mother I can be to these inutterably precious children (our living testaments to faith and love), and to be a teacher who truly helps to open up a lifetime of competency and learning for fifty amazingly varied students who have come so expectantly to my English class.

If some deadly accident, coiled and waiting, strikes me tomorrow, remember me as one of millions with dreams and worries, loves and longings, who wants to understand why she must die, and more, why she came to live, and where these miraculous new beings really came from, as I try to juggle my world of diapers, lesson plans, lasagna, neglected friends, postpartum inches, near wrecks, and a bright-haired, brilliant-eyed baby who, after studying the swirling toilet water, can already ask of me, "Poor little fishie died...Where'dhe go, Mama?"

Laura Knotts



## Simple Things

It's the simple things you do that really mean a lot...

The way you always smile whether you feel like it or not.

Giving of your time even when it's scarce and hard to find...

Just showing that you care makes you a special kind.

Your words are always sweet and never harsh or strong...

Making life easier for others, and giving them a song.

Yes, this describes you and all things you do...

The way you talk, the way you care is what I see in the special gift of you.

Colleen Waller

Star, star way out there  
Speak to me if you dare  
Tell me of the heavens so bright  
that you guard with your loving light  
Is there an eternal peace we can  
understand while gazing from this violent  
land.

D.C.F.

## Be Not Always

Be not always  
But just for a moment.  
As the sun which shines  
Ever so brightly  
On a warm spring day,  
And the seed which grows,  
As the rose that dies,  
Be not always,  
but just for a moment.  
A beautiful, peaceful moment.

Be not the sea  
Whose shore is awaiting.  
Alas like the storm  
Which brings the beauty of another day.  
Be not always,  
But just for a moment.

Be not of the past;  
An answer in itself.  
Be of the future,  
Changing what you put in the upcoming past.  
Be of yourself,  
But be not always.

As of the rainbow,  
The perfect example;  
so beautiful,  
As all is that we take for granted.

Thus be aware!  
But be not always.  
Be of happiness.  
Be of love.

Yet be the moment;  
So beautiful and pure.  
That I so patiently wait for in eternity.

And be of the heaven;  
Everlasting.  
The only "always" we will ever have.

Jessica Crolley

## Why. U U.

She slipped in like a silent spring storm  
catching the unknowing farmer diligently  
working on a dusty country day.

The plop, plop, plop of the crystal  
clear drops alert the earthen soul  
of the deluge to come.

As the cooling breeze lightly  
skips over the warm freshly tilled  
soil the earthen soul searches for  
a place to bide his time.

Lying under the outstretched arms of  
an old gnarled oak the day's  
accomplishments flow slowly through  
the mind oblivious to the  
puddling drops of love.

The unnoticed, unwanted cloud burst  
now transforms the barren soil, so  
wanting to blossom and grow, into  
a fertile, giving creation

I, like the farmer, was caught unaware  
of the need for the breeze from  
her whisper, the golden rays of  
her touch, and the purifying tears  
from her soul to nourish the  
roots of my existence.

Robert Craig Cashion

## Canvas Of Life

Oh, to scrape a sunsets' colour  
Onto my empty palette of life

And if the jewel brightness there  
Could illuminate my journey's quest

As light at a tunnel's end  
As inspiration from skies' canvas

And paint from ever knowing strokes  
Blending the light in with dark

To create a lasting Masterplan  
For man to brush all his tomorrows.

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Diane Hosey Mitchell



## Twice-Forgotten Echoes

Here in my darkness  
    I search for peace of mind  
That pause of space  
    Lapse of time

The silence lingers  
    Traced by fingers  
Something recorded  
    Somewhere down the line

Enter sorrow  
    Another tomorrow  
Another page  
    And a sorry rhyme

A wish I had  
    Once upon a rainy day  
Now only I remember  
    A sour, mellow sign

You exist  
    In pages of mist  
A tear in the corner  
    Of a wasted sigh

Blood once shed  
    For a noble cause  
Seeps into the ground  
    And rots away  
Not unlike the sweat  
    And wrinkles  
Bought and paid for  
    Once in yonder moonlight

H. Gaye Holt



The perfect vision caressed my eyes  
Heart jumps forth to beat and cry  
The perfect face with lovely smile  
Never bitter, never vile  
Lovely locks of deep brown hair  
ever flowing, always fair  
Eyes majestic as could be  
bluer than the deepest sea  
Lips as red as sparkling wine  
soft as lace just as fine  
Skin like silk on wedding dress  
tingling to the slight caress  
Voice as sweet as golden honey  
like flowing music through the tree  
Heart of gold that always shines  
never tarnished always kind  
To see her stride and lightly pass  
provokes the mind of style and class  
Figure sculpted with style and grace  
to complement her lovely face  
Timid looks just like the dove  
bid my heart to fall in love  
When time comes to court and marry  
one like her I want to carry  
Over the threshold into the house  
Forever mine, the perfect spouse.

Robert Craig Cashion

## Waiting For Him

I sit in my grandmother's rocking chair  
on the porch waiting for him.

Looking out on the horizon, I see a  
mounted Confederate gray horse with a  
gathering trail of impatience behind  
him...

A soldier?...

He dismounts as I steadily wait to greet  
him.

He hands me a letter...

A messenger he is!...

His hand on my shoulder, I read.

A tear of silent fury races down my cheek  
to explode upon the paper.

Bestowing upon me the sword of  
unforgotten faith, the soldier mounts and  
rides to whence he came...

Once again I sit in my grandmother's  
rocking chair on the porch,

His sword by my side, still waiting for  
his promised return...

COME HOME DADDY, COME HOME.

Tara Benedetto



## Frame Of Mind

I look at a torn and tattered picture I  
hold tightly in my grip.  
It is a picture of smiles, tears, laughs,  
and fears.  
There are good times and bad times in  
this picture.  
There are people of yesterday--gone  
today.  
People I won't see again until my end is  
near.  
There are dreams and stories told.  
Stories I could only think of, and now I  
live them.  
The typical fears given to a child that  
are now learned wives-tales.  
Told for no reason--just told.  
Things I would never have dreamed of  
happening--to be stored here for old  
times sake.  
Mistakes and corrections lurk in this  
forbidden scenery.  
Scenery that no one can ever see except  
in their own light.  
Visions that take careful illustrations  
to describe.  
Why is this picture so private?  
Why is it that no one can just look and  
see my secrets when I want to share them?  
The answer is known only to God.  
God gave us this frame to paint life time  
thoughts in.  
God gave us our mind and memory.

Tara Benedetto

## Parenting: To Be Or Not To Be

My husband and I have some friends that are a married couple who delayed having children to further their careers and find themselves. When they finally decided that it was time to start a family, it was too late for them and they never could conceive.

On one hand, our friends after eleven years of marriage have no children; on the other hand, we after nine years of marriage have two children; a five year old boy and a one year old girl. They are jealous of us because we have children; we are jealous of them because they don't have children. Having children alters peoples' lives so much that it is virtually impossible to relay the turmoil in words to people who do not have children.

Our friends take for granted their entertainment time; in contrast we value our entertainment time as a luxury. They can watch anything they want on their television; our television viewing time revolves around "Sesame Street," "Mr. Wizard," and "Inspector Gadget." When our friends go out to dinner, it is always to one of the best restaurants in Charleston; if we are ever lucky enough to go out to dinner it is usually to the local cafeteria. They have time to read the newest novels hot off the best seller's list; our literary material consists of "Humpty Dumpty Magazine" and Dr. Seuss books. They see all of the latest movies. Our selections include "Oliver and Company" and "Land Before Time." They spend their Sunday afternoons strolling around downtown Charleston; we, however, spend our Sunday afternoons at Showbiz Pizza with Billy Bob Bear. They take fun vacations like ski trips; we also take trips, but to the doctor's office.

Our friends sometimes feel that their lives are not complete without children; unlike them, we sometimes feel that we are drowning in parental responsibilities. They long for the presence of children in their house; we long for just a few hours alone in ours. They dread gatherings which include children because it reminds them of the absence of children in their lives; on the other hand, we long for adult gatherings that do not include children to escape their presence in ours. They cannot understand how any adult could lose their patience with a child while we struggle every minute to be patient with our children.

Since our friends are not afflicted with burned out parent disease, they are still energetic, coherent adults who maintain intelligent conversations, while our conversation sticks like a broken record on words like no

and don't. Their intellectual discussions include sophisticated topics such as politics and world problems; our discussions revolve around diaper rash, teething problems and acceptable discipline techniques in kindergarten.

Our friends still indulge in a yuppie lifestyle, something that is but a flicker of a memory to us. Gourmet items are at the top of their grocery list; diapers are number one on ours. They drive a brand new shiny sports car; unlike them, we drive a typical four door stationwagon. They, always without fail, get eight hours of sleep every night. We do not remember what eight hours of sleep feels like.

My husband and I love our children very much and could not realistically imagine life without them. We still have not forgotten life before children and the freedom we possessed. The fact is we love changing diapers, never having eight hours of sleep a night and never going out to dinner. I have hope that one day our friends will have a refrigerator full of beautiful stickmen drawn by their children, a drawer full of love notes scribbled by their children and the knowledge that they are the most important thing in a child's life. It is worth every bit of the aggravation to have tiny arms reach around your neck and to hear a little voice say I love you. I think maybe our friends have plenty of reason to be jealous of our lives of a four door stationwagon, diapers, Dr. Seuss, Oliver and Company and even Showbiz Pizza.

Regina Lane

## Meeting Place

In the mind is where we'll meet  
For there two souls will blend  
And slip from earthly realm  
It's there that we'll transcend  
Beyond our human love  
In time and space above  
Where we will know  
Where we will be  
Boundless free  
As one  
In immortality

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Diane Hosey Mitchell

## Knowing

Barefoot and hardly ten  
I didn't know then  
Nor she, picnic bright day,  
Our voices at play  
Gaily as the mountain stream  
Gliding by our summer dream.

Shade, pine thick cocoon,  
Enfolded three that noon  
And in my ready mind,  
Memories scored golden, fine,  
Sealed deep, sharp, clean--  
A Family, Now, Ever, Serene.

She knew that Christmas Eve,  
Arctic knowledge without reprieve  
Raged, congealing festive blood  
As carols in endless flood  
Mocked her frozen grief,  
Taunted with promised relief.

Hate--lush as mutual--bloomed,  
Obscene Magi gift, doomed  
Them surely as gilded spheres  
She crushed with searing tears,  
While in my sleepless mind  
Visions spectral gloated, dined.

His vows void, still she stayed,  
A wrenching, warring decade  
Of home-made misery together  
Each year a grisly tether  
As her spirit withered, decayed  
Into sour rind of love betrayed.

Often in their line of fire  
I slugged through sapping mire  
Of no-man's land between,  
Yet scarce was even seen;  
Their world--nervescape poked,  
Myopic, guilt-blinded--mocked.

No span of time or space  
Has brought a lasting grace,  
    The festered aftermath  
    Yet a writhing path  
Through dreary debris  
Stitched in fetid memory.  
                    Silas H. Garrison

## Memoirs Of A Midpoint Jogger

As footfalls plod in dreary dirge,  
Fellow joggers--young and old--surge  
    Easily past my paltry pace.  
Breath rushes in with ragged tear.  
Searing cells with magnums of air.

Once with lethargic, cretin cells  
Fidgeted in fermented wells  
    Of mindless drives and constant race,  
Were goaded to fine frenzy by schemes  
Of wild ambition, daring dreams.

Then Midpoint shadow rudely loomed,  
Menacing, every defense doomed  
    Beneath the dreary, darkening face.  
Things familiar were, with feral strides,  
Molded like mutant Mr. Hydes.

Quickly it swelled once-slender girth  
To burlesque of imminent birth.  
    Yet, brain and will still command, brace,  
But cells barely budge, petty knaves,  
Sullen as protoplasmic slaves.

And as feet move, each one trudging  
Before the other, each grudging,  
    The hated paunch, a loathsome grace  
All its own, bounces with a start,  
Taunting, mocking as a haughty tart.

Silas H. Garrison

Memoirs Of A Midpoint Jogger first appeared in  
the Fall 1983 edition of **SEFER**.



## A LOST MEMORY

It was late May or early June. I can't remember which - only that kids were out of school for the summer. The day began as a little boy got out of bed on his own willpower. After he finished his breakfast, he joined his friends in the backyard and played with their cars and trucks. They were having the time of their lives when the young boy's mother called him into the house to get ready for their trip.

As he was getting dressed, he started wondering where they were going, because he had to wear his Sunday suit. The young boy finished dressing; while waiting for his mother to finish dressing he went outside to play with his friends. His mother came to the screen door and ordered him not to get dirty. Once she left, his friends started teasing him about being dressed up and asked him where he was going. He did not know himself.

As they were waiting for the bus, he asked his mother where they were going. She did not give him any answers and looked straight ahead. As they stepped onto the bus, his mother told him not to be afraid of the people he would meet. Once they got to their destination, she finally told him why and who they were going to see. The person who they were going to see: the little boy tried to picture him in his mind, but he couldn't. It had been a very long time since he had seen or heard of this person. His mother told him that the person is dead, and they are going to attend his funeral.

As they meet the people his mother told him about, they were making comments about the way he looks, and that he resembles his father very much. He started getting tired of old bald-headed men rubbing his head and old ladies pinching him on his cheeks. At the funeral service, he wondered why everybody was crying, even his mother. He was the only one who wasn't crying; maybe it was because he never got to know his father. Now his only memory is seeing him lying in a casket.

L.W.



## Fears of Retirement

Retirement from the Navy - It's the end of the rainbow for a sailor. More often than not sailors never really plan for retirement, it just creeps up on us all like a snake in the grass.

A sailor normally starts his or her career at an early age, usually seventeen to twenty. In my case I joined the Navy when I was nineteen years old, and was I naive. I graduated from high school a year before and worked for a year, so you could say I really knew what I was doing. Being from a small town in Wisconsin, and coming from an average income family I really never had an opportunity to travel anywhere. As a matter of fact I never flew in an airplane before joining the Navy.

On January 5, 1975, my Navy career began. I found myself in Great Lakes, Illinois, experiencing something that only a few can relate to. Approximately 85 guys living so close to each other you couldn't move was an experience in itself. As basic training drew to an end everyone anxiously awaited their orders to their first duty station.

My orders took me far away from Illinois to the place of my dreams, San Diego, California. I was assigned to the USS Sterett (CG-31). An incident that I will never forget is when I arrived in San Diego, I had to find out where my ship was tied up. I will never forget the feeling that came over me when the taxi cab driver dropped me off on the pier where my new home was berthed. Being a young man from Wisconsin, I had never seen a boat any bigger than a seventeen footer. Now, I was standing on a pier facing my ship, which was the smallest ship on the pier, and it was 526 feet long. I was scared to death, but I walked down the pier proud as could be, requested to come aboard, and reported for duty. Over the course of the next 32 months I visited over 20 countries, and met people from all walks of life before being transferred to Watertown, Wisconsin, for a three year tour of recruiting duty.

I feel that this tour probably was the highlight of my Navy career. Believe it or not I recruited in my hometown, and my office was the same one I joined the Navy from almost six years before. It was an enjoyable tour, and I really hated to have it end. But, after three years it is time for a change again. I met many influential people, and it certainly was nice being

reunited with my family again. All good tours come to an end, and my next stop was good ole Charleston, South Carolina.

I arrived in Charleston on April 20, 1984. My new duty station for the next four years would be the USS Nicholson (DD-982), a sleek destroyer that was powered by four DC-10 jet engines. It just so happened that the ship was going to be changing homeports to Brooklyn, New York for a year while the ship underwent an extensive yard period. After the yard period I had yet another opportunity to travel and meet people from other walks of life. Yes, I got to partake in a Persian Gulf cruise, which kept the ship at sea for 150 days of the 174 day cruise. That was one of the unpleasant memories of all my tours of duty.

Next, it was on to my current duty station, which is the good ole college life at Baptist College at Charleston. At first it was a shock, but now that the semester is coming to a close I feel a sense of accomplishment that I have never felt before. I even feel that I have done quite well.

My Navy career thus far has been an enriching one, but it's not yet over. Retirement can be reached by the year 1995, if I so choose. The Navy has been my family and security for a large portion of my life. As my twenty year mark approaches, I become more and more afraid everyday. I think every sailor has the same feeling as they approach their retirement. As aforementioned, I met many people since I've been in the Navy and visited many countries. Retirement is a shock, and there's really no way to ease the pain, except by carefully planning for the transition from "Navy man to just plain civilian."

Allen Hanefeld

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